

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?—By Briggs

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A GOOD BEGINNING

Gov. Roberts has made a good beginning. He has shown strength by compelling the selection of his own official household.

He realizes that he will be held responsible for the success or failure of his administration, and he acted wisely in selecting men in the various departments who are in thorough harmony with him.

In making the financial condition of the state the paramount care and consideration of his administration he will have the active and united support of all the people, however much or little the politicians may be disturbed. For years the politicians have made ducks and drakes out of the people's money. No one knew exactly where or how it went, and they had ample reason to believe that more of it went in some directions than was necessary for the best interests of the state. Consolidating departments and abolishing unnecessary offices, as well as other economies that will save the money of the people, is a perilous flying in the faces of the politicians, but it will be indorsed by the people, and it will redound to their benefit and well-being, whether they are wise enough or discerning enough to indorse it or not.

In times like these economy is necessary for states and nations as it is for individuals, and it is a virtue so long as it halts this side of parsimony. Our schools and public institutions must be liberally supported and sustained, to the end that the public may be properly served; but it is not necessary to pay two men for doing one man's work, nor is it good business to multiply departments when all business enterprises of magnitude are concentrating and reducing.

Tennessee has not been wisely or well treated for some time, and if Gov. Roberts will inaugurate a better system he will render his people a good service. He has a splendid opportunity, and he starts out with the confidence of the people, which is a potential asset.

CONSISTENCY

It is not easy to appreciate the difficulty President Wilson experiences in framing his speeches delivered in different countries and to people of varied views.

In an experience such as he is having the strongest asset is consistency. The people of all countries are consuming with avidity whatever he has to say, and it is not too much to presume that some are looking for an opening to assail him for his views.

But fortunately the president has maintained with unflinching zeal his support of fixed principles. Not since the war began has he voiced an unwholesome view or given expression to an unworthy purpose. Behind him stands a nation without designs of conquest or material reward. It is a position that puzzles the Old World statesmen, and his clear and outspoken views only serve to mystify those who have no appreciation for the qualities of this new and unfamiliar brand of statesmanship.

No less puzzling than the words of the president are his democratic manners, which stand very much in contrast to Old World formality. It would not be diplomatic, and perhaps it would not be safe, for the dignitaries to suggest that the president is showing too much consideration for the people and their rights. No doubt an awakening will follow his visit, and a more reciprocal feeling will be engendered between rulers and subjects, which may be good or evil, according to the sympathy that exists, and the consideration one has for the other.

The president is fortunately not an orator. He indulges in no flights of rhetoric. He speaks plainly, and in language that is not capable of misunderstanding, except by those who would wilfully misinterpret what he says. In his tour he has made a great number of speeches. He has generally applied himself to the discussion of events with which everyone is interested, and in outlining the principles that he represents.

In some ways he is breaking precedents, but that is quite the fashion with him. As president of Princeton he inaugurated some changes that provoked much discussion and some disapproval. As governor of New Jersey he pursued the same course that distinguished his career as the head of a great university. He has never had as much regard for a practice that was old but wrong as he has for one that is new and right.

How much more difficult it would be for some of our other American statesmen to outline a given course of conduct or an abiding set of principles is readily conceivable, but it may be said in behalf of the president that his severest critic has been unable to successfully charge him with any change in the opinion he originally held.

DR. GRIGGS' CHURCH

The Rev. Sutton E. Griggs, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, is planning a campaign in which the people of both races will have an opportunity to contribute to the erection of the splendid institution which he hopes to bring to completion at the earliest possible time.

Dr. Griggs had an important part in war work. He received no compensation, and at times he had to bear his own traveling expenses. The work he did was at the instance of the national committee on public information, and no provision was made for remuneration. Assigned to the special duty of stimulating patriotism among his people, he performed the task faithfully and well.

He has made a place for himself in the community, and it is not too much to suggest that liberal support of his church by donations from all who can afford to give will be a well merited recognition of his sacrifice and his desire to have his people do their full share in the war. It is estimated that subscriptions to the various war drives secured through the efforts of Dr. Griggs amounted to \$1,000,000, a large part of which was from his own race.

Such support as he may receive for his denominational institution will not only be regarded as a testimonial to his work, but it will be devoted to a worthy cause.

Either the stock must be small or the demand very great in Nashville, where "shorty" is selling at \$15 the quart or \$60 the gallon. The legislature will have short commons.

A stranded steamship with returning soldiers ought to find a lot of sympathy in its cargo.

Winter has a strange effect upon the coal pile, in that it causes it to melt.



DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

LITTLE PATHS TO HAPPINESS.

The only thing that ever shakes my faith in the mighty masculine intellect is the stupidity that men show in their dealings with women," said a woman the other day.

When I see airplanes flying like birds in the sky and mighty bridges flung across torrential rivers, and think of guns that fire a shot that hits its objective 20 miles away, I am filled with awe of the mighty brains that conceive and execute such marvels.

But when I observe the absolute lack of all human intelligence which the average man brings to bear on the solution of his domestic problems, I wonder where the fool killer is, and why the home for incurable male imbeciles is not crowded to overflowing.

For to a man, as to a woman, the most important thing in life is the domestic relationship. He must find his happiness or misery inside of the family circle. The applause of the world is a poor thing compared with getting the glad hand from his wife. If he finds contentment, peace and affection at home all is right with his world, and if he doesn't everything is wrong, no matter how much money he makes or how famous he becomes.

This being the case, you would think that a man would spend a few minutes, now and then, in making a slight study of the feminine psychology and try to find out some of the things that women like and that repel a husband to a wife. But they don't.

Whether they think it is too much trouble to try to please a mere wife, or whether they hold to the cheerful theory that they are so fascinating that their wives can't help adoring them, no matter what they do, or whether they believe that a woman ought to be thankful to get any sort of a husband, I don't know. The fact remains that tens of thousands of good men go blundering along through 40 or 50 years of matrimony, making the whole weary expanse of domesticity an arid desert to their wives, who cry out so easily and with such a slight expenditure of effort and thought have made it an earthly paradise to the women to whom they were married.

This is not because men are indifferent to their wives' happiness. Far from it. I don't believe there is a man in the world who wouldn't like to know that his wife went down on her knees and thanked him every time he thought of her luck in getting him for a husband, and this is what makes it so strange that men will shut their eyes and refuse to see the road that leads to domestic bliss.

Surely it is some sort of mental amputation that keeps men from seeing that it is the little things that count with women, the little remembrances, the little touches of romance and sentiment, the little compliments and courtesies that a husband will show these to his wife he may neglect all the weightier matters of the law and she will never find it out. If he does she won't care.

I saw an interesting illustration of this the other day. I was calling on a woman in very moderate circumstances when the door bell rang and a florist's boy delivered to her a few red roses. The woman's face was a glow of happiness.

As she unwrapped them, and she blushed like a girl as she read the message on the card that was tucked in them.

"The dearest husband on earth," she said rapturously, "he's still a lover although we've been married over 20 years. I had a red rose in my hair the first time he ever saw me, and never once on that anniversary has he failed to send me a bunch of them. He never forgets any of the little things. He notices when my appetite is poor and sends me some little delicacy that I especially like, or thinks up some queer place for me to go to dinner, and when he is away from home he never fails to write or wire me every day, even if it is only a line."

"We haven't had much money, and I've had to work hard, but I've been perfectly happy all of my married life, for what luxury is equal to the luxury of knowing that your husband is always thinking of you, and would give you the world if he had it?"

"None," replied a rich woman, who was present. And then she added bitterly, "Today is the anniversary of my wedding day. My husband gave me a check for \$1,000, but he didn't take the time or trouble to even try to think of anything that I would like."

And there you are. Perhaps it is illogical for a woman to be more grateful for a bunch of violets than for a government bond. Perhaps it is unreasonable for a woman to feel that her husband no longer cares for her because he forgets her birthday and never makes her any little personal gift. Perhaps it is ridiculous for a middle-aged, fat, wrinkle-headed woman to yearn to have her husband tell that she is still young, beautiful and slim in his eyes.

Women are not long on logic, or reason, or humor, but they are strong for sentiment, and any man who will take the trouble to feed his wife on it can keep her eating out of his hand. The most pitiful thing in the world is how little a wife really asks of her husband to make her happy, and that he refuses her that trifling thing.

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PUBLIC DISCUSSION

TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL.

To The News Scimitar:

I deeply appreciate your article in the interest of the new tuberculosis hospital. I think this hospital is one of the most urgent needs of Memphis. The situation at present is deplorably discouraging and disgraceful, as I see it.

Respectfully yours, BEN COX, Memphis, Tenn.

Oh, take this heart that I would give forever to be all things own; I to myself no more would live—Come, Lord, be Thou my King alone.

—G. Tersteegen.

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

A SATISFIED OWNER. We have with us this evening the satisfied lizzie owner, who runs on as follows:

Most of my life I have ridden in a buggy, and the lizzie appealed to me because it bears a greater resemblance to a buggy than an auto. Then, again, when I am bumping along I feel at home, because it reminds me of a milk wagon I drove for my father. Many an argument we had about that milk wagon, too, but later father gave in and had springs put on.

The appearance is another reason. People in my neighborhood go in little for style. Had I bought a fine-looking car of advanced design, the chances are they would have gained the impression I was stuck up. With this machine many people never knew but that I made it myself.

Then there's the engine. Many cars have motors you can hardly hear. With my car, if I should be struck by a train, I have a chance to collect damages, because I can prove that neither I nor anyone within a block heard the locomotive whistle.

I have in mind to equip my henry with a cuckoo clock. When the thing reaches the speed limit of 20 miles an hour the bird will come out and sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The Kaiser's change has been complete. Once absolute, now obsolete.

What has become of the old-fashioned wife who had to ask her husband for money?

Just note in passing that Mr. Leake is the most prominent plumber in Amboy, Ill.

But can Woodrow curb the profiteers by cable? That's the next big job.

To aid the public in determining a man's time in the war zone and the number of times wounded, the following has been prepared:

A "V" shaped bar of gold lace, lower part of left sleeve, by officers, field clerks and enlisted men who served six months in the war zone. Chevron worn point down. An additional chevron allowed for each six months' service.

A "V" shaped bar of gold lace, worn point down, on right sleeve. Not more than one wound chevron can be worn if two or more wounds are sustained at the same time.

SILVER CHEVRON. For officers, field clerks and enlisted men who served six months outside the theater of operations, a silver chevron (worn the same as the gold chevron) is allowed. For each additional six months another chevron is worn.

SCARLET CHEVRON. Soldiers honorably discharged wear a scarlet chevron, point up, on the left sleeve above the elbow. These are in addition to the usual service stripes.

SERVICE STRIPES. Enlisted men who served three years will wear service stripes of the corps or department of service. The stripes are worn diagonally on both sleeves of the dress coat below the elbow.

SKY BLUE CLOTH CHEVRON. Service of less than six months in theater of war is indicated by a sky blue cloth worn as the gold war service chevron.



Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.) BY K.C.B.

I'D BEEN to the theater. TO SEE "Three Wise Fools." AND THERE three old men. WHO LIVE in a rut. AND ONE of the three. IS A learned man. AND HE talks a lot. ABOUT THE rut. AND HOW bad it is. AND IT makes men old. AND I recalled. AS I listened to him. THAT ON every day. WHEN I arise. I EAT the same thing. AND DO my work. AND GO downstairs. AND OUT on the street. AND TURN to the right. AND WALK a block. AND TURN to the left. AND WALK a block. AND TAKE the car. AND GO to the office. AND GET my mail. AND OPEN it. AND PUT it away. AND COME downstairs. AND WALK three blocks. AND TAKE the car. AND GET off the car. AND WALK one block. AND TURN to the right. AND WALK a block. AND TURN again.

AND GO upstairs. AND I made up my mind. THAT THE very next day. I'D GET out of the rut. AND I changed my breakfast. AND DID my work. AND WENT downstairs. AND TOOK a new route. TO GET to the car. AND WENT downstairs. AND TOOK a new route. TO GET to the office. AND LEFT my copy. AND GOT my mail. AND TOOK it home. ON ANOTHER car line. AND THEN recalled. THAT I'D missed the kids. THAT WERE on the street. WHERE I used to go. AND THE kids I'd seen. WERE ALL strange kids. AND THEY didn't speak. AND I'D missed the basement. WHERE TONY, the loeman. SELLS JOE and coal. AND THE Chinaman. AND THE tailor man. WHO WAVES his hand. FROM THE tailor shop. AND ON all my route. THERE WASN'T a soul. WHO EVEN smiled. AND THE very next day. I WENT back again. AND INTO the rut. AND THE "Three Wise Fools." WERE THREE wise men. TO STAY in theirs.

Twice Told Tales

10 Years Ago Today in Memphis.

JANUARY 8, 1909. Business men hold a monster mass meeting at Cotton exchange building as a declaration against statewide prohibition.

As a result of the disturbances at Reelfoot lake several weeks ago six nightriders have been sentenced to death and two to 20 years' imprisonment. The men were convicted by a jury at Union City, Tenn.

Holders of the stock in the American bank, which went into the hands of a receiver at the time the Merchants' Trust company failed, are soon to receive a dividend of about 35 per cent of their stock.

Gallant Confederate heroes will assemble in Memphis in yearly session on June 1, 2 and 3.

Flames originating from the engine room destroyed the Memphis machine works and damaged property to the extent of \$35,000.

While military pomp will mark the funeral of James E. Clark, the veteran fire chief and Confederate soldier, who died at his home on Thursday morning, men who have been his comrades since the early days, when it was Pipeman Clark, will bear the coffin to its last resting place.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER. Compiled by John G. Quintus, the Sunshine Man.

Every sorrow, every smart. That the Eternal Father's heart Hath appointed me of yore, Or had yet for me stored in store, As my life flows on, I'll take Calmly, gladly, for His sake, No more faithless murmur make. —E. Gerhardt.

Take me to Thee, heart. Heavenly Father. Kiss me, though stained with toll, travel and sin. Cover me with the security of Thy love and Thy grace. May I sit down at the table, and may Christ, the Door, intervene between me and the fret of the world. —F. B. Meyer.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, who is the Father of the Fatherless, give you the Holy Spirit, which He will give abundantly unto them that ask Him?"—Matt. vii. 11.

Whatever we may lawfully desire of temporal things, we may lawfully ask of God in prayer, and we may expect them, as they are promised. Whatsoever is necessary to our life and being is promised to us, and therefore we may, with certainty, expect food and raiment; for to keep us alive, clothing and raiment are necessary to us, so long as our life is permitted to us, so long as things necessary to our life shall be ministered. We may be secure of maintenance, but not secure of our life; for that is promised, not this; only concerning food and raiment we are not to make accounts by the measure of our desires, but by the measure of our needs. Whatever is convenient for us, pleasant and modestly delectable, we may pray for, so we do it, with submission to God's will, without impatient desires. That it be not a trifle and inconsiderable, but a matter so easy and concerning, as to be a fit matter to be treated on between God and our souls. That we ask it for ends of justice, or charity or religion.—Jeremy Taylor.

MOVING PICTURES.

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